MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

SAMUEL T. BAIRD

JAN. 27—MAY 10, 1900

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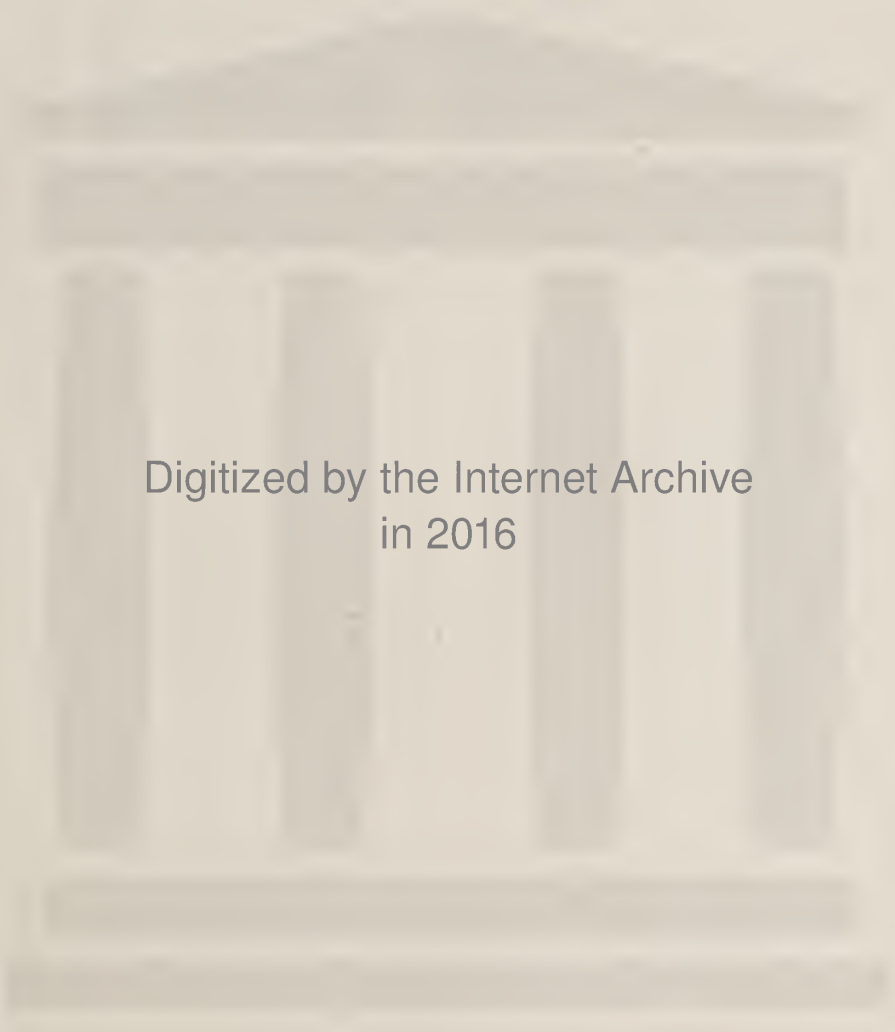

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HON. SAMUEL T. BAIRD

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

SAMUEL T. BAIRD

(Late a Representative from Louisiana),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS,
First Session.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1900.

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DEATH OF SAMUEL T. BAIRD.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

DECEMBER 8, 1899.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

Mr. ROBERTSON, of Louisiana. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty to announce to the House the death of the Hon. SAMUEL T. BAIRD, a Representative in the Fifty-fifth Congress and a member-elect to this Congress from the State of Louisiana.

At some future day we shall ask the House to set apart a time to pay fitting tribute to the character of the deceased.

I offer now the resolutions I send to the desk, and ask their immediate adoption.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. SAMUEL T. BAIRD, a member of the Fifty-fifth Congress and a member-elect to this Congress from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved further, That the Clerk of the House notify the Senate of the passage of these resolutions; and that as a further mark of respect to the memory of our deceased colleague the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and in accordance therewith (at 1 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until Monday.

JANUARY 15, 1900.

Mr. ROBERTSON of Louisiana. I ask that Saturday, the 27th instant, commencing at 1 o'clock, be set apart for eulogies upon the Hon. SAMUEL T. BAIRD, late a Representative from Louisiana.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. ROBERTSON] asks unanimous consent that Saturday, the 27th, commencing at 1 o'olock, be set apart for eulogies upon the late Mr. BAIRD, of Louisiana. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

JANUARY 27, 1900.

The SPEAKER. As there is no further business this morning for the consideration of the House, and as 1 o'clock is set for the memorial exercises on the death of the late SAMUEL T. BAIRD, of Louisiana, the Chair, if there is no objection, will call up that matter now for the consideration of the House.

There was no objection.

Mr. ROBERTSON of Louisiana. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. RANSDELL].

Mr. RANSDELL. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk and move their adoption.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. SAMUEL T. BAIRD, late a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for fitting tribute to his memory.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, do adjourn.

The SPEAKER. In the form in which these resolutions are drawn it is proper that they should be submitted now.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. RANSDELL, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: One of the most appropriate customs of this House is that of paying grateful tribute to the memory of departed members. We live in the most rapid and progressive age the world has ever seen. There is great progress in every line of human endeavor, in every art and science, in every phase of life—social or political, public or private—and we Americans are the most advanced people of this age; but, thank God, the march of progress has not dulled the feelings of our hearts, and we are ready to pause and mourn for a deceased brother as was our blessed Lord two thousand years ago when he wept over the body of his beloved Lazarus. Indeed, I believe that the world is growing better in this respect, and that we love and honor our dead more now than at any other period of history. This may be due to our superior educational advancement, but I think it flows rather from a clearer conception of the truths of religion. Be that as it may, this beautiful custom has become firmly fixed in Congress, and no matter how important our duties may be, we deem it a sad pleasure to turn from them and from the rush of busy life in order to weave memorial chaplets over the graves of our departed brothers.

Among those who have gone from us into the valley of the shadow, into a bright and, I hope, more glorious beyond, is SAMUEL T. BAIRD, of Louisiana, who died at the Riggs Hotel, in this city, on the 22d of April last, and as his successor on the floor of this House it is my sad duty to speak to you of him. This task can better be filled, Mr.

Speaker, by his associates here, who knew him so much better than I, but I can not let this opportunity pass without saying a few words to help keep his memory green.

SAMUEL T. BAIRD was born in Morehouse Parish, La., on May 5, 1861, and had he lived thirteen days longer would have been 38 at the time of his death.

He was educated at home and at Vincennes, Ind. In 1879 he began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1882, when barely 21 years of age. So successful and promising was he in his profession that in April, 1884, he was elected to the lucrative and responsible position of district attorney of his judicial district, a position which he filled with great credit and honor to himself and people for four years. The young barrister was a favorite of fortune. On the expiration of his term as district attorney he was elected judge of the sixth judicial district of Louisiana, a position eagerly sought for by the oldest and best attorneys of the district. He presided for four years as sole judge of one of the highest courts of original jurisdiction in the State, and his bearing on the bench was dignified, affable, and courteous. He enjoyed at the time the distinction of being the youngest judge in Louisiana, but, though young in years, his decisions evinced a mature, well-trained mind, and gave eminent satisfaction to the bar and to the people.

At the end of his term he resumed the active practice of his profession, but his people had tested his ability and would not let him remain long in private life. In April, 1896, he was elected a member of the Louisiana State senate. In that body he served with distinction on three important committees, and was chairman of the joint Democratic caucus during that session of the general assembly.

As one of the delegates from Louisiana to the Chicago convention in 1896 he aided in the nomination of Mr. Bryan for President, and was an enthusiastic supporter of the brilliant Nebraskan. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress without much opposition, and was reelected to the Fifty-sixth as the unanimous choice of the Democrats of his district. Few men of his age can point to so brilliant a record and such continued political success. His public career began at 23, and when he died, in his thirty-eighth year, he had given to his people faithful and efficient service as district attorney, judge, State senator, and Congressman. Surely a bright career lay before him if the past be any criterion for the future, for he was not the man to tarry or lag in the march of fame. It is said that "death loves a shining mark," and it certainly found one when SAM BAIRD was called to meet his God.

In the closing days of the Fifty-fifth Congress he contracted violent rheumatism during the terribly cold weather of last February. His splendid constitution bore up against it for a while, but the insidious disease gradually sapped his strength. To add to his difficulties, his youngest child, a lovely boy, was stricken with meningitis and lay for weeks at death's door. He was passionately fond of his son, and the constant watching at his bedside, with its attendant anxiety and worry, made serious inroads on his enfeebled condition. His devoted wife and loving brother, aided by kind friends, ministered faithfully to him, and medical science did its utmost, but the grim destroyer had marked him as his own. On the 22d of April last, in the full vigor of a magnificent manhood—physical and intellectual—he bade his loved ones good-by and departed on a

long journey to that land from whose bourn no traveler returns. Death is always sad, but when an old man is called whose feeble steps and whitened hair indicate that the sands of life are nearly run, we easily reconcile ourselves to the loss. Not so, however, when one dies whose keen eye, elastic step, ruddy cheeks, and glossy hair tell us that youth is in his veins and that the world, with all its joys, its hopes, its ambitions, lies before him.

Previous to BAIRD'S last illness there was no finer specimen of physical manhood in this House. Tall, erect, well proportioned, a fine eye, and pleasant expression, he was indeed strikingly handsome. Prior to that sickness he had enjoyed nearly perfect health, and dying as he did at the post of duty, from a disease contracted while on duty, it may truly be said of him that he died in the cause of his country. When a soldier falls while fighting in battle, his grateful countrymen sing pæans of praise to him and provide generously for the widow and orphans left behind him. In my humble opinion the soldier who dies in camp from sickness due to exposure is as much entitled to remembrance as he who is stricken by the bullet of the enemy; and what was our deceased friend but a soldier doing camp duty for his people and dying from exposure at his post? Let us accord to his memory the same grateful honor we render to our dead heroes of battle.

I first met SAM BAIRD in Lake Providence in the fall of 1883, when he was quite a young man. I remember well what a handsome fellow he was at that time, and how genial and pleasant to everyone. With the girls he was a special favorite, but that did not seem to make the boys jealous, and no young man in north Louisiana was more

universally popular than he. After that I saw little of him, as our homes were some distance apart, but from time to time I met him and watched his brilliant career with much interest. He had a wonderful faculty for making friends, and few came in contact with him without being drawn to him by that indefinable something which attracts and binds all who come within its reach. I have heard many of the brightest men of his acquaintance say that they actually loved SAM BAIRD, and I know of no greater praise than that, for love is the most precious of all earthly treasures, and he who can beget love among many must indeed be a true man. Such a man was our deceased brother, and I believe that all of you who knew him well will attest the truth of this statement. I do not think anyone well acquainted with him, whatever his feelings may have been, will take issue with me when I apply to him the lines of the great poet:

> His years but young, but his experience old;
> His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
> And, in a word (for far behind his worth
> Come all the praises that I now bestow),
> He was complete in feature and in mind,
> With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

It is sad for such a one to be taken when scarcely in the full vigor of his manhood, with his capacity for enjoyment undiminished, his appetites unsatisfied, and his ambitions unfulfilled. Truly death is a careless reaper who cuts down the ripe and the unripe grain alike. It is wrong to murmur at that Providence whose dispositions are inscrutable and whose ways are past finding out, but when such a man as BAIRD is taken from us in his vigorous youth, it requires all our philosophy and religion to submit with resignation. Let

us try not to murmur, however, for we know not the secrets of the Master, who, though His decree seems hard, doeth all things best.

Ah, why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lonely way.

While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet,
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darkened souls forget
The lessons of enduring trust.

Let living faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And death can have no terrors more,
But holy joy shall walk with him.

ADDRESS OF MR. EDDY, OF MINNESOTA.

Mr. SPEAKER: My acquaintance with the member in whose honor these observances are held, if measured by time limitations, was very brief; yet he was such an one that when with his genial smile he bade you good morning you felt you had known him for a lifetime; and although my time acquaintance with him was short and my personal association with him was meager, I do not feel that I am offering the tribute of a stranger, but of a personal friend.

I was one of that sad company that journeyed on the funeral train from the capital of the nation to his Southern home. It was my first visit to the Southland at this season of the year, the season when my Northern home was yet locked in the icy embrace of winter. And to see the luxuriant foliage, green grasses, and blooming flowers, to see the people arrayed in summer habiliments and carrying umbrellas to protect themselves from the rays of the sun, at a time when Minnesota was in midwinter, impressed me deeply. But the fact that made the most indelible impression on my mind was that the people there assembled—and it seemed to me that the whole countryside had turned out—were animated by a common purpose, and this purpose did not appear to be so much in honor of his achievements, though on every side these achievements were spoken of with pride; not so much a feeling of respect, although the high respect in which he was held was everywhere manifest, as it was a spirit of personal bereavement, such as one feels when he stands at the bier of a dear relative.

Men clad in broadcloth cut by the fashionable tailor sat beside the farmer and laborer arrayed in their Sunday best that bore the unmistakable marks of the "ready-made" clothing store, and mingled their tears together. Women draped in rustling silks and women clad in gingham and calico gowns sat in the same pew and sobbed in common sympathy. It seemed to me he was a brother to them all, and the infallible sign of this brotherly affection in which he was held was everywhere in evidence. What is this infallible sign? When a man achieves distinguished success in public life and when honor and respect are the predominant features of the regard in which he is held, he is known and addressed by the title of his office, as Congressman A, Governor B, or Senator C. When honor and respect exist in a lesser degree they know him and call him by the cold, hollow, society-created title of Mr. But when they love him for winning qualities of mind and soul they discard all official titles, all society-created addresses, and know him and address him and speak of him by the name whispered by loving lips when the man of God sprinkled the emblematic waters of baptism on his brow.

Go out in the Commonwealth of Illinois, to the early home and among the early associates of the greatest President of modern times, and he is never spoken of as President Lincoln, but always as "Abe" Lincoln.

Go to my own State, go into the home of the millionaire or the log cabin of the frontiersman, and you will never hear our junior Senator referred to as Congressman NELSON, Governor NELSON, or Senator NELSON. He is KNUTE NELSON. Go with me to a certain Congressional district in the Hawkeye State—a Congressional district that has as

much reason to be proud of and is as proud of their brilliant Representative as any Congressional district in the United States. Traverse the length of it, as I did last midsummer. You will hear no one speak of General HENDERSON, Congressman HENDERSON, or Speaker HENDERSON; but the name "DAVE" HENDERSON is in everyone's mouth. And in that sorrowing multitude gathered under Louisiana's sunny skies, I heard no one mention Congressman BAIRD, but in hushed whispers it was passed among the throng, "SAM" BAIRD is dead.

The humble home, its plain furnishings, the modest surroundings denoted the fact that he was possessed of but moderate competence, but the lingering affection with which the name "SAM" BAIRD was whispered proclaimed the fact that in the bank of love and friendship—the only financial institution whose drafts are honored in the realm beyond the grave—he had an unlimited deposit.

When a promising public man passes away in the morning of his life, his constituency, the State, and the nation feel and appreciate the loss. But I sometimes think it is a gain for the individual. SAMUEL T. BAIRD lived long enough to demonstrate that the possibilities in his public career were almost limitless, but he did not live long enough to experience the envyings, the jealousies, the heartburnings that always accompany great public successes.

It is a theory among some that a man's feature, form, and manner proclaim in unmistakable terms his character—form an open book that all men can read. I believe this, and the first time SAMUEL T. BAIRD walked into this Hall his commanding figure attracted my attention, and it was a figure

to command attention in any throng. Its athletic mold bespoke strength and power; the clear eye, courage; the bright and winning smile, kindliness of heart; his springing and elastic step, buoyancy and hope—face, form, and feature proclaimed him what he was, the ideal Southern gentleman; an "ideal Southern gentleman," and this phrase itself exhausts eulogy.

ADDRESS OF MR. BARTLETT, OF GEORGIA.

Mr. SPEAKER:

> To every man upon this earth
> Death cometh soon or late.

But to the members of this Congress it has come with unusual frequency. Day after day we have met in this Hall to pay our tributes of respect to those who but a few months ago were occupying their accustomed places here, but whose forms and faces we shall see no more upon earth.

The grim reaper, Death, has indeed gathered a rich harvest for the tomb from the members of the Fifty-sixth Congress—the distinguished gentleman from Maine, Mr. Dingley, the acknowledged leader of his party in the House, ripe in years and experience; the faithful and devoted tribunal of the people from Missouri, Mr. Bland; the gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. Greene; the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Danford; the gentleman from Pennsylvania, Mr. Ermentrout; the gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. Settle, and the young and talented Representative from the State of Louisiana, SAMUEL T. BAIRD.

Truly are we warned of the certainty of death and of the uncertainty of life by the frequency with which death has invaded this House. It has spared neither the young nor the old in years or in legislative experience, but all alike have been marks for the arrows of the grim archer, who

has respected neither youth nor age nor party. The frequency of the deaths in this House reminds us of the truth of what the great Latin poet declared when he said:

> Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
> Pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.

Peasants and princes, the rich and the poor, the member of Congress and the humblest of his constituency are alike subject to the immutable law of mortality. As frequent and sudden and unexpected as have been the deaths of members of this House, yet the death of none came so unexpectedly or caused more sadness than that of our lamented friend, Hon. SAMUEL T. BAIRD, of Louisiana. Young, in the very prime of life, strong in body, boasting that he had never known a day's sickness, manly in form and handsome in appearance, the very picture of health; surely no one who knew him and saw him as he appeared in the Fifty-fifth Congress, during the last session, would have believed or predicted that ere the members should reach their homes, and ere the spring should come and clothe the earth with flowers, he would have fallen a victim to the insatiable enemy of mankind.

During the last week of the Fifty-fifth Congress he was taken suddenly ill and, after lingering for eight weeks, died in this city on the 22d day of April, 1899. It was indeed a sad death—away from his home, to which he continually during his sickness expressed his desire to return—in a city of strangers, with his youngest son, a bright and beautiful boy, lying in an adjoining room, hovering between life and death; with his faithful and devoted wife, distracted with grief at the coming death of her husband and the suffering of the child—all the surroundings united to make it sor-

rowful in the extreme and to excite the sympathy and pity of all.

He had been elected to this Congress without opposition, and from his devotion to his duties as a member, from his high sense of honor and integrity, from his careful attention to the interests of his constituents and the interests of the common country as well, and from his ability and the popularity he so justly enjoyed amongst his own people, there was every evidence that he had entered upon a Congressional career which was to grow more illustrious in the future. But to all of these hopes of his friends and this promotion which he gave promise of death put an end; and when we met in December we looked in vain for him, and listened in vain for his voice, which was still, and longed for the touch of his vanished hand.

SAM BAIRD, as those who knew him called him, was possessed of those qualities which attracted men to him. He was generous; he was noble; he was courteous and courtly and true; he was manly and brave, as gentle as a woman, as courageous as a knight in the defense of what he deemed to be right. No one who came to know him well but loved and admired him. To those who were fortunate enough to be classed as his friends he exhibited a devotion and fidelity which is rare among men. Deception formed no part of his character. You could rest implicitly upon his word and know that when once given it would be fulfilled; and no greater tribute can be paid to him, as we stand to-day over his newmade grave, than to say: "To his own self he was true, and therefore he was false to no man."

The career of Mr. BAIRD, though short in years, was a re-

markable one. He was a lawyer, admitted to the bar in 1882, and from the time of his admission until his death enjoyed the confidence of his clients and engaged in an active practice. As a lawyer he was devoted to those principles which lie at the foundations of this great profession, and he practiced his profession according to the teachings and doctrines of those great lawyers who have illustrated and illumined it. In all of his professional life there was no act that was not in full accord with the principles that should guide an upright, conscientious, and ethical lawyer. Not only was he distinguished in his profession as a practitioner, but he had scarcely been at the bar two years when he had gained such distinction that he was elected district attorney of his judicial district.

In this office he displayed that ability which so distinguished him and those qualities of high character and devotion to duty which so easily marked him. In the discharge of his duties as prosecuting attorney he received the approbation of those amongst whom he lived; and while he prosecuted crime and endeavored to convict and punish it, he was careful that innocence should not suffer. At the end of four years' service in the office of prosecuting attorney he was called by the people of his district to be judge, and he served four years upon the bench as such. In that important position he was just, impartial, and upright, patient in hearing the cases before him, fair and firm in his judicial decisions. No charge of partiality was ever made, and he left the bench honored and respected by all as an upright judge. No one who had witnessed his administration of the high office of judge could but say, and all did say, that he wore the ermine most worthily.

He was a member of the legislature of his native State, having been elected to the State senate in 1896, and in that body served upon some of the most important committees. So ably and efficiently did he discharge his duty as a member of the State legislature that in the fall of 1896, when his district came to select and nominate a man to represent it in the halls of Congress, he was almost unanimously chosen for this high office.

Thus, step by step, from the young lawyer to the prosecuting attorney, from the prosecuting attorney's office to that of judge and a seat on the bench, from the bench to the halls of the State legislature, from the halls of State legislation to the National Congress, was the rapid progress of this man, whose life and death we commemorate to-day as fitting evidence of his character, worth, and the esteem in which he was held by the people amongst whom he lived.

In all his professional career he discharged his duty with ability, integrity, and fidelity to the truth, and as a legislator and member of Congress he was guided by the same lights.

He was a devoted husband and a fond father. It was my pleasure to know him as such. I was intimately associated with him, living in the same hotel in Washington, and it was indeed a beautiful thing to see and know the devotion that existed between him and his wife; and no words can express or language convey the sad and sorrowful scene I witnessed the day he died. The wife, broken down by long weeks of care and attention, both to the sick and dying husband and the afflicted child, had bravely stood the terrible ordeal and trial until the dreadful announce-

ment was made that he was no more, and nature could stand no more, and in the anguish and sorrow of her heart she wanted to know why she could not have been taken and he spared. But the ways of Providence are past finding out, and the widow and orphan now live, and the stalwart, strong, and healthy man is dead. May He who holds the universe in His hand, and doeth all things well, and marks each sparrow's fall, comfort her broken heart, bind up her wounds, and be a Father to her fatherless children, that they may live to illustrate in their lives the character and qualities of their lamented father.

In no place or position in which he was called to discharge a duty did he fail to so act as to receive the approbation of his own conscience and the approval of his own people. And thus we find that they recognized his worth and character, and were ever ready to promote and advance him; but just as he had reached the highest office in their gift, just as new honors were about to be bestowed upon him, without warning the summons came to him to lay his burdens down and to cross the river whose waves wash the great unknown shores of Eternity.

And he is dead:

> The earth that bears him dead
> Bears not alive a truer gentleman.

But through the mist that blinds us here, we look beyond and feel that while it is true that we shall see him no more—that the grave covers all that is mortal of our friend—he is not dead. That which made him noble, true, and brave can never die.

Although with bowed heads and saddened hearts we

have borne his senseless dust to rest and said, "He is dead," yet he is not dead:

He has but passed
  Beyond the mist that blinds us here,
Into the new and larger life
  Of that serener sphere.

And ever near us, though unseen,
  The dear, immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
  Is Life! There are no dead.

ADDRESS OF MR. MEEKISON, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: The death of Mr. BAIRD was a great shock to me. I could not realize that the vigorous young man with bright eyes and firm grasp who had greeted me but a short time before in the Chamber was no more.

He had just been elected for the second time to this House, and was full of hope and confidence.

He was in the noon of young manhood, strong and vigorous, keen and alert; all predicted for him a long and useful career in this House, and little did I think that he would have been so soon cut down.

We must all meet death, and it matters little whether it is extended a few years longer or not. Still no philosophy reconciles us to the death of one so young and promising, or to the family that knows best what his loss means.

Mr. Speaker, it was my sad duty to accompany the remains of our brother to his former home in Louisiana, and I can say that the old proverb that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" did not apply to our departed friend. We went through two towns in his district, and as a tribute to his memory and worth business was suspended. In his home town everywhere was evidence of sincere sorrow. To all it seemed like a personal bereavement.

The older men mourned a son, the younger a brother. Had I not known Mr. BAIRD in this House the touching tributes that were universal from his neighbors and townsmen would have proven him to be a man in whom public

confidence rested and who could be trusted. Those who knew him best loved and trusted him most.

Almost since attaining his majority he has been in the public service, as district attorney, district judge, a member of his State legislature, and member of Congress.

Such long and varied public service is not chance, but proof of sterling qualities, faithful service, duty well done.

Mr. Speaker, this faithful public servant, tender husband and father, sleeps in his native Southland, where flowers ever bloom and it is always summer.

If his years had been prolonged, I am sure his services would have been valuable to his State and the country and his death is a great loss to each.

May he rest in peace.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLAYTON, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. SPEAKER: He has been a district attorney, a district judge, a State senator, and a Representative in Congress, and he died at 38 years of age. This is a brief statement of the life and career of SAMUEL T. BAIRD.

In thinking of the death of our departed friend it has occurred to me that the grim reaper has been unusually remorseless in his treatment of the Fifty-sixth Congress. Seven Representatives in the Fifty-fifth Congress who were elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress died before entering upon their duties in the present House of Representatives. Mr. Dingley, of Maine; Mr. Greene, of Nebraska; Mr. Bland, of Missouri; Mr. Danford, of Ohio; Mr. Ermentrout, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Settle, of Kentucky, and Mr. BAIRD, of Louisiana, were the conspicuous figures that were stricken down by the fell destroyer.

Mr. Speaker, if I had been asked during the last Congress to select a dozen men whose physique, youthfulness, and health indicated long life, I would have readily selected Mr. BAIRD as one of them. He was a fine specimen of manly beauty, and I think he was easily the handsomest in the Fifty-fifth Congress. He was tall, erect, and well proportioned. He was graceful in his carriage, commanding in his appearance, and, withal, courteous in his treatment of everybody.

I never knew Mr. BAIRD until the Fifty-fifth Congress met in extraordinary session in March, 1897. He and I came to

that Congress as new men upon this scene of action. We were assigned to the same committee—the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. Perhaps no man here knows better than I do of his devotion to public duty. That committee was charged with, among other things, the consideration of one of the most important measures proposed in the last Congress, and one of the most important that has been proposed in this Congress—the ship-subsidy scheme. I believe that at all hearings and arguments had before that committee Mr. BAIRD was always in attendance. He was a good listener, an industrious student, and a good judge of the worth of any argument. He was always faithful in his endeavor to find the facts and the reasons that should underlie any action that Congress was proposing to take. He was a man of strong convictions. He did not thrust his opinions on other people, but he asserted them and maintained them ably and fearlessly when it became necessary for him to act or to declare his convictions.

But, Mr. Speaker, SAM BAIRD, as those who knew him best always called him, has gone from among us. I shall not attempt to express my own feelings over the personal loss that I have sustained, and I am unable to pay a fitting tribute to his memory. His successor, Mr. RANSDELL, said a moment ago that men loved SAM BAIRD. That is a beautiful tribute to pay a man, and very beautiful here, because it is so true. There is not an associate of his in the last Congress or in this Congress who did not respect, admire, and love him. He was not of a cold, metallic nature. He was ambitious, but not selfish or envious. He was gifted, learned, warm-hearted, generous, and always considerate. While he rests now in the bosom of his

native Louisiana I have come to offer a few flowers of affectionate regard.

Mr. BAIRD, I doubt not, went to his death as bravely as any soldier on any crimson field. He did not believe that it was all of life to live, or that death was the end of all. He looked beyond that to that life which comes after this transitory existence. In faith he belonged to the Anglican communion. He believed in the resurrection of the dead and in the life everlasting. His life was a useful one and was made up of a series of successes. He was taken away just when his career in the broader field of national affairs had begun. We need not speculate as to why his useful and still more promising career was so soon ended. There is no philosophy that can explain the enigma of life or the mystery of death except the highest and most beautiful and truest of all philosophy, the Christian religion. And in the presence of the dead even that can offer us no more than the consolation of a sublime faith in the goodness of the great Father and the blessed promises of His revealed religion. Let us cherish the memory of the dead and follow his example of devotion to duty. We shall not have among us a more faithful Representative than SAMUEL T. BAIRD. We shall not look upon a manlier man.

ADDRESS OF MR. HENRY, OF TEXAS.

Mr. SPEAKER: I believe that I knew SAM BAIRD better personally than any of his colleagues of the Fifty-fifth Congress. I can not pronounce studied eulogiums upon his life and character. I can only undertake to give utterance to those feelings that are pulsating in my heart to-day, when I remember him as my friend. I believe that I knew him as intimately as any man with whom he was ever associated. Not only did I know him in public life, but I knew him in private life. His life in the midst of his family enriched it with the most tender love and the purest happiness.

I do not wonder that his career as district attorney in the State of Louisiana was a remarkable one for a young man, so faithful was he in his devotion to duty and law. I do not marvel that he adorned the bench of his State in such a brilliant manner while serving as district judge, so accurate was his splendid intellect and so warm and merciful were the feelings of his great heart.

I am not surprised that he was a man amongst men as a legislator in the State of Louisiana, so accomplished was he as a scholar and so loyal to the rights of his fellow-man. And while I speak of him to-day, I shall give utterance only to those things that I do know about him and his character.

I was with him frequently during the Fifty-fifth Congress and studied his character. I knew his characteristics as a man and feel that I may be pardoned for alluding to a few of them

He was one of the few men that I have ever known that was as gentle as a woman and as brave as the bravest. He was loyal and faithful to his friends, and during my association with him I never knew him to pass any sort of criticism upon a friend. If they were liable to error, if they had their weaknesses and were justly subject to criticism by others, SAM BAIRD always withheld criticism and helped to sustain his friends. He was a conservative and broad-minded member of the Fifty-fifth Congress.

He had his opinions and his convictions, and they were always based upon thorough investigation and upon his best deliberate judgment. He was ready to defend those convictions upon any and all occasions. So much did the man despise error and hate wrong that he combated it whenever and wherever he met it. For two years I enjoyed the very closest personal friendship with him, and I can truthfully say that there was never a day that I associated with him but what I saw some magnificent quality about his character that deserved to be emulated. His life as a public man, his keen appreciation of justice and equity, and his hundreds of manly qualities should be recorded as a rich heritage to the youth of his State.

We do not know why he was stricken down in the prime of life. The reason for these things are not revealed to us, but we do know that there must have been some good reason by the overruling Providence. When he was taken from amongst his colleagues the State of Louisiana lost one of its most influential members. He was not an obtrusive individual, but had a wonderful influence over his colleagues, and we can not point to a single young member of that Congress that could accomplish so much

in a modest and unassuming way as could SAMUEL T. BAIRD, of Louisiana. His patience was a marvel of sweetness and influence, and his tolerance a tower of overwhelming strength.

Mr. Speaker, when in Washington, just before his great soul took its flight and the death angel was hovering over him, summoning him to the great Unknown, I was profoundly happy to learn that he communed with his family and friends, and, with that superb courage that characterized all his acts, assured them that he did not fear the issue, that he was ready to go, and would enter into the great eternity with that sublime faith and hope that sustains the true Christian. We never talked of religion or that undiscovered hereafter but I felt and knew that the great God, who had fashioned and finished such a magnificent character, had tenanted his immortal soul with a blessed belief that would lead him out from the walks of men to the bosom of our Redeemer.

Louisiana can ill afford to lose such a Representative. Many sunny days will pass in that great old State, the place of his nativity, before she sends to this body a completer gentleman or a better-rounded character. Well may the citizens of his State cherish his memory and public deeds and boast that this far Southern clime produced this superb and remarkable young man.

ADDRESS OF MR. BROUSSARD, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is ever a sad occasion when this great body pauses in its accustomed activity to mourn the loss of one of its members. What a perpetual reminder, indeed, is it of the uncertainty of human life and what an admonition to those who would accomplish much here not to be laggards. He whose memory we here revere and to whom we here pay possibly the last sad earthly rights until the triumphant blast of the summoning angel shall clothe his bones with flesh again, was in many respects a remarkable man.

SAMUEL T. BAIRD was born in Louisiana in 1861, and was educated in that State and in Vincennes, Ind. At 18 we find him studying law. Three years later he was admitted to the bar. At 23 he was elected district attorney of the Sixth Louisiana judicial district, and filled that difficult and laborious position with so much ability that at the expiration of the term of four years, in 1888, when only 27 years of age, he was elected the judge of that district. After serving his people for four years on the bench with great distinction, he withdrew from active participation in politics and returned to the practice of his profession. But in 1896 his people called him back to it by electing him a member of the State senate, and while a member of that body he was both prominent and active, easily taking the leadership.

He was the chairman of the committee on railroads and a member, besides, of such important committees as judiciary, lands and levees, and elections. From that time his promotion became even more rapid. A strong, an earnest, and a consistent Democrat, his party loved to honor him no less

than the people of his section, for no sooner had he entered the senate than he was elected the chairman of the joint Democratic caucus of the general assembly, and a few months later the Democratic State convention elected him both its temporary chairman and a delegate to the national Democratic convention held at Chicago in the summer of that year. Having supported the candidacy of the great leader of the "common people" and assisted in his nomination for President, upon his return home his people, loving him as they did, saw no fitter compliment to pay this intrepid young Democratic leader than to nominate and elect him to the Fifty-fifth Congress. He was reelected to the Fifty-sixth Congress with practical unanimity. He died at the age of 38. So that when he had scarcely reached the prime of his magnificent manhood we find him to have filled all the important positions of prosecuting attorney, judge, State senator, and twice elected to this body. In the Democratic party of his State he was equally honored and respected, even as he was by his own people.

I knew BAIRD well and intimately. A young man of marked ability, of splendid virtue, wise, honest, honorable; a man whose word was sacred and who never forsook a cause he once espoused; a man whose judgment was rarely, if ever, at fault; aggressive, yet tractable; stern when occasion required, yet just always. Of superb physique, who would have thought to look upon him at the last session of the Fifty-fifth Congress that death should gather him in its cold embrace before the convening of the Fifty-sixth?

While his career in public life was brief, it was brilliant. It does indeed seem hard that one so young and useful should so soon be called to the judgment seat. And when the thread of life is cut suddenly and without premonition,

the finite mind is apt to question the inscrutable justice of Him who shapes it and rounds it and terminates him. So it was with me. I felt startled and shocked when I heard of BAIRD'S untimely death. But, after all, the culmination of physical life is death, and who knows but that the early accomplishment of the end is not a mark of Omnipotent favor and esteem!

> And if through patient toil we reach the land
> Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
> Where we shall clearly see and understand,
> I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

In his death the Democratic party of Louisiana suffered great loss, and Louisiana herself lost a well-beloved son, who was destined to play no unimportant part in carving her destiny. Sad to us was the parting; sad to his many friends here, but sadder than all was his loss to his own people who so loved him, and loving him so uniformly honored him.

Ah, Mr. Speaker, well do I recall the sad rites paid the remains of SAMUEL T. BAIRD. The people of north Louisiana, who had so loved and honored him in life, now crowded about the bier that bore him to mourn his loss. From all over the district they came and by all manner of conveyances, until the beautiful village among the hills was filled with the gathered multitude. The church bell summoned all, and on the sad, solemn march to the grave there joined men of all classes and conditions and colors.

Out of the pretty church and of Bastrop we slowly moved, and on the side of a hill of red clay, amid the tall pines that stood as sentinels around, in stern silence, we buried him, and then reluctantly the multitude departed and dispersed as the sun dipped in the ocean on the west.

ADDRESS OF MR. MEYER, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise to second the resolution in memory of my late colleague from the Fifth Congressional district, SAMUEL T. BAIRD, and to pay a brief and humble tribute to his private virtues and public services.

The graphic sketch presented by my friend Mr. Ransdell, his successor on the floor of this House, depicts a character at once courteous and gentle, with a firmness and devotion to high principle that readily explains the esteem and honors bestowed upon him by a community always ready to appreciate noble and manly qualities.

His record seems brief, yet it covers a period fraught with vital issues to his State and section. Though but a youth, he appeared upon the active scenes of political life and bore a man's part at an epoch to recall which now seems like reviving a painful dream. The State of Louisiana was fast bound in misery and chains; it was held in the iron grasp of an alien rule, under which neither its intelligence nor property had a voice. By the devastation of the civil war the State had been left but a few years before literally a wreck, ruined and desolate.

It fell to the youth and growing manhood of that day to retrieve these disasters; the rebuilding of waste places, the

restoration of paralyzed industries, the reorganization of society, education, and the healthful process of recovery; to fight for the building up again the material prosperity and political future of a despondent and oppressed people.

In all these difficult tasks young BAIRD bore a conspicuous and honorable part, leading with energy and enthusiasm, tempered by wisdom, to a better sentiment, inspiring his community with greater courage to face and solve the mighty problems that confronted them.

He came to the Fifty-fifth Congress full of hope and spirit, amply equipped for the performance of high and responsible duties; and in his service, alas, too brief, he early developed qualities of usefulness and success. With characteristic modesty he spoke but rarely and aimed at no display; yet he neglected no public duty. He wasted no time in dissipation. He was practical, laborious, and after careful study of all the public questions that came up he formed his opinions quietly and firmly. Thoughtful, observant, and upright, courteous, yet frank and truthful, everyone knew where to find him.

To speak the truth, to avow and defend the right, to follow the line of duty, were the ambitions of this young statesman, called away before he had reached the meridian of his life and the full maturity of his powers.

His colleagues loved and honored this noble son of Louisiana. We shall ever remember with pleasant thoughts the dear friend; his inborn grace, the courteous mien, the kindly, frank tone, the countenance in which never lurked an ignoble thought.

As he winged his flight while yet in the prime of early manhood, the words from Festus match well with the

aspirations, the soul and aims of him whom we commemorate to-day:

> Life is more than breath and the quick round of blood;
> It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
> The coward and the small in soul scarce do live
> One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
> Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
> Than if each year might number a thousand days
> Spent as this is by nations of mankind.
> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Robertson of Louisiana, at 1 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.). In accordance with the resolution adopted by the House, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of our deceased colleague, the House stands adjourned until Monday next at 12 o'clock m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

DECEMBER 11, 1899.

Mr. MCENERY. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions from the House of Representatives relative to the death of my late colleague in that body.

The PRESIDING OFFICER laid before the Senate the following resolutions from the House of Representatives; which were read:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *December 8, 1899.*

Resolved, That the House has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow of the death of Hon. SAMUEL T. BAIRD, a member of the Fifty-fifth Congress and a member-elect to this Congress from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House notify the Senate of the passage of these resolutions, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of our deceased colleague the House do now adjourn.

Mr. MCENERY. Mr. President, at some future time I shall ask that a day be fixed to pay fitting tribute to the memory of the Hon. S. T. BAIRD, late a member of the House from the State of Louisiana. I now offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their adoption.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Louisiana submits resolutions, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of SAMUEL T. BAIRD, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 42 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, December 12, 1899, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

MAY 10, 1900.

Mr. MCENERY. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives on the death of the late Representative BAIRD may now be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. PERKINS in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *January 27, 1900.*

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. SAMUEL T. BAIRD, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for fitting tributes to his memory.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, do adjourn.

Mr. MCENERY. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and I ask for their present consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcemet of the death of Hon. SAMUEL T. BAIRD, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Secretary to the family of the deceased; and that, as a further mark of respect, the Senate will, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, stand adjourned.

ADDRESS OF MR. CAFFERY, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Mr. BAIRD was from the extreme northern and I am from the extreme southern portion of Louisiana. I did not become acquainted with him until we met here; he as a Representative of the Fifth Congressional district of our State and I as a Senator from the same State.

Our official intercourse, as well as our personal, was slight and occasional, and consequently I was not close to him as a bosom friend.

But he impressed me, as he did everyone who came in contact with him, with the broad outlines and qualities of a high character, distinguished by candor, ability, and integrity.

His presence was commanding, his manners engaging, his conversation fluent and full of information, and his whole bearing that of an accomplished gentleman. But, Mr. President, I learned more of Mr. BAIRD at his burial than during his life.

There I saw his neighbors and friends gathered from every portion of his district to honor his memory and to consign his remains to the earth.

There the old and young, the rich and poor, bent with touching grief over his grave, and each brought to it tributes of love and respect.

There the ancient fraternity of the Freemasons joined in sorrowful rivalry with the church of God to honor the dead and to assuage the grief of his afflicted family by all that fellowship on earth can give, and by all that the promises of religion can yield.

It was my good fortune to be one of the committee that escorted his remains from Washington, where he died, to his home in Bastrop, La., where he was buried.

And never did I see a more genuine expression of love and respect than was exhibited on the occasion of his funeral ceremonies, that I witnessed at Bastrop. Every road that led to the little city brought in friends and constituents to do him the last earthly honor. Every eye was moistened with tears at his untimely demise, and every heart was grieved at the great loss to his family, his friends, and his country. He was stricken down in the prime and vigor of his manhood, for he was only 38 years of age when he died, and the potent forces alive and active in him to bring forth fruit of distinction and usefulness were stilled forever by the ruthless hand of death.

It was sad to see his young, manly form consigned to the dust from which he sprung; it was sad to know that his career of usefulness and honor was suddenly cut off; but it was infinitely sadder to witness the heart-crushing grief of the woman who had joined her life to his for weal and for woe and to witness the hopeless sorrow of the child of their marriage, so tender in years, but yet made acquainted with heaviest of sorrows so early in life.

He who commanded us to visit the widow and the orphan in their distress will surely not withhold the balm of Gilead from the wounded hearts of mother and child, nor will he fail to temper the winds to these shorn lambs of suffering humanity.

The life history of SAMUEL BAIRD will no doubt be given by my colleague. He is from the same section of country as Mr. BAIRD, and I leave this pleasing task to him.

ADDRESS OF MR. CHANDLER, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The associate and friend whose life and deeds we to-day commemorate was born and lived in that fascinating and romantic region of the United States known as Louisiana. My personal knowledge of that State has been limited, but interesting. In the spring of 1855, in my twentieth year, I went from the law school at Cambridge to New Orleans in a sailing ship, the *Trimountain*, from Boston. We lay upon the shallows of the delta of the Mississippi for several days before ascending to that unique and attractive city. Meeting at the St. Charles Hotel Henry W. Allen, whom I had known at the law school, he asked me to come with him to his sugar plantation at West Baton Rouge, and there I spent two delightful weeks, returning home by land. All then was prosperity in Louisiana. The levees of New Orleans were lined with steamers loaded with cotton and with the gorgeous floating passenger palaces of those days. The surrounding country was a scene of marvelous beauty, the summer was opening, the cotton plants were shooting upward, magnificent roses were beginning to bloom, and the fragrance of the buds and flowers and the morning music of the birds and all the other wondrous manifestations of bounteous nature, combining with the lavish hospitality of Mr. Allen and his neighboring planters, made my visit to West Baton Rouge most entrancing to me, and aroused sentiments of friendship for those joyous companions of my youth which have never lost their controlling power.

Eleven years later, in 1866, I went again to Louisiana,

sent by President Johnson and Secretary McCulloch, in company with a most delightful associate, the Hon. Harvey Watterson, father of the gifted and eloquent editor and orator, Mr. Henry Watterson. Then all had changed for the worse. New Orleans showed great activity on account of special business connected with the civil war, but the city was without substantial prosperity, while out on the river shores the sugar plantations were uncultivated, the machinery going to ruin, and the buildings falling to pieces. This was indeed a sad contrast to the sights and incidents of 1855, but fortunately was soon to be changed for the better.

The recovery, as peace came on, from the ruin and devastation of war was rapid, and to-day, a third of a century later, Louisiana is once more one of the most prosperous of the States of the Union, New Orleans is a vast and wealthy metropolis, while the whole surface of the State, not, to be sure, varied by high mountain and deep valley, but with its own peculiar beauty, is one broad garden spot, with crops of cotton and sugar abundant and with its sugarhouses rebuilt and provided with new and modern machinery of wonderful capacity. The productive fields are blooming and blossoming like rose gardens in extreme loveliness, giving delight to all who are permitted to look upon so fair a land.

Henry W. Allen, of whom I have spoken as my host in 1855, afterwards became the Confederate governor of Louisiana. He fought with extreme gallantry and to the last ditch, and then escaped through Texas and Mexico to Nassau. It was with quick zeal and revived affection that I obtained from President Johnson, early in 1865, permission

for Governor Allen to return to the United States, in hopes to die upon his native soil. Unfortunately he passed away upon his homeward voyage, a brave and manly soul.

Amid the delightful inspirations which come from the joyous springtime in Louisiana was born, on May 5, 1861, and nurtured at Oak Ridge, our friend SAMUEL T. BAIRD. His home life was fortunate; his education was ample, and at the early age of 21 he was admitted to the bar. Until he became a member of Congress he was a practicing attorney, part of the time one of the district attorneys of the State, and also a district judge for four years.

The political career on which he shortly entered was creditable to him and full of high promise for the future. He rose rapidly in the estimation of those with whom he came in contact, and in 1896 was elected to Congress, to begin a life of useful and patriotic service, which was most unfortunately ended prematurely by his death in Washington on April 22, 1899. Mr. BAIRD was a courteous gentleman, of attractive manners, a well-equipped lawyer of more than ordinary attainments, and a Congressman of superior capacity and unimpeachable integrity; an American citizen so loved and honored that his death in the prime of life was a most grievous bereavement, indeed hard for his family and friends and his State and country to sadly meet and to patiently endure. His name should be enrolled by Louisiana among her dearest and noblest sons, and we here to-day, his official associates, should willingly pay such tributes to his memory that the young men of his State shall be animated by our words of admiration to persist in exertions to imitate his virtues and to follow in his footsteps in private and in public life.

In mourning now for him who has joined the other loved ones who are for a time lost to us in the mysterious abodes beyond our mortal sight we must not grieve as those who are without hope. Certainly we should not be anxious about him who has passed through the covered bridge that crosses the dark river which separates this world from the heavenly country. To us there may have come a heavy loss, but to him we reverently believe there has come an inestimable gain. As one grows older he necessarily comes to feel how little after all is the value of life to one while he is living it.

The pleasures of living, the transitory joys of existence, thrilling and intense as they sometimes seem, are of no permanent value. The true worth of life surely is only to be found in the opportunity it gives for the formation of character. That, under God, is its sole purpose. Everything but character we leave behind us when this mortal state is ended. The character which is formed within us by the experiences of our earthly existence, whether brief or long, makes us what we are and all we are, and that alone goes on with us to the life beyond. The greatest thing in the world, therefore, is the formation of good and noble character; to be such a result and acquisition as to make life worth living, because it makes desirable that immortality which is the inalienable and indestructible birthright of every human soul.

If such is our philosophy and our religion, we shall not think that because our friend's life was so short it was at all in vain. He lived long enough to form a noble character, fitting him for better than earthly service; and we must put aside sorrow and all misgivings and imagine him doing the

Master's work in a happier sphere, with clearer vision, with higher freedom, with purer affections, and with fruition of heavenly completeness. So we may well say:

> Go to thy grave, in all thy glorious prime,
> In full activity of zeal and power.
> * * * *
> Go to thy grave? No, take the seat above,
> Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
> Where thou for faith and hope hath perfect love
> And open vision for the written word.

On the 27th day of January the House of Representatives paid tribute to the memory of Mr. BAIRD. Those members who had known him best in that, his last place of service—comrades from other States and colleagues from his own State—delivered appropriate eulogies in praise of the brother who had forever left their ranks. In reading their affectionate expressions I am impressed not only with their eloquence, but also with their clear sincerity. The Louisiana members knew him best and loved him most and spoke words of truth and soberness in their characterizations of their friend. Mr. President, his life was worth living, if only to result in invoking from those who lived with him, and labored by his side, and penetrated with keen insight into his inner thoughts and life such a high opinion, such a favorable judgment, and such a tender affection as as they unitedly declare.

ADDRESS OF MR. BERRY, OF ARKANSAS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Mr. BAIRD represented a district in Louisiana immediately south of and adjoining the State of Arkansas, in which I live. I had learned of his life and character before he came to Congress, and knew how faithfully and well he has served his people as district attorney, as judge of a court, and as senator in the legislature of Louisiana.

During the first winter of his service here I lived in the same hotel with him and his family. He was then little more than 35 years of age; he was in splendid health and a remarkably handsome man. He came to his duties here full of life and of hope. He was bright, genial, and especially kind to all with whom he came in contact; proud of his success, yet not spoiled by it; ambitious to do something for the people who had honored him; devoted to his wife and to his boys. I think I have never seen anyone to whom life seemed more pleasant and the future more hopeful.

He served a term in Congress, making many friends in the House and in the Senate, thereby laying the foundation for future usefulness to his people. He was reelected to Congress, but soon after the beginning of his second term disease came, and death soon followed. He fell at a time when life promised most. He died before age, disease, misfortune, and disappointment had weakened his faith in his fellow-men. He died while life was still a hope and not a burden; and who can say it was not best so?

We may ask why one so young, so gifted, whose life promised so much, should be thus early taken away; we may ask why such pain and grief and sorrow should come to the devoted wife, and why his beloved boys should be left without a father's guiding hand. The only answer is that the Great Ruler of all, who doeth all things well, willed that it should be so.

His body was taken from this city to his home at Bastrop, in Louisiana, and there, surrounded by many hundreds of those who had known him as a child, as a boy, and as a man, by those who had watched his career and had always been glad to honor him, he was laid to rest. He sleeps beneath the magnolias of his beloved State, in that beautiful Southern land where the flowers seldom cease to bloom.

While his name may soon be forgotten here, his memory will long be cherished by the wife who was devoted to him, by the friends who had known and honored him in his childhood, his boyhood, and his manhood; who knew him best and loved him most.

ADDRESS OF MR. SULLIVAN, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The hand upon the dial of life stands still. The silver chord of life is loosened; the soul of our deceased friend has passed from its frail tenement of clay to the realms of eternal day.

No truer, better, or nobler man ever passed from the hearthstone of his home and out of the life of a devoted wife and the guardianship of his family than he.

SAMUEL T. BAIRD, of Morehouse Parish, La., whose untimely death we deplore, and whose worth and many manly virtues I to-day would pay most willing tribute, has passed through the unseen portals to the unknown world that awaits us all so soon.

It seems almost incredible to think that one so young, so strong, so full of all the manly qualities, should so suddenly have been removed from our midst, showing how utterly helpless and dependent we are ever for a day of our lives upon the Divine will.

He was reared and educated amid the tropical plants and trees and flowers of the beautiful State of Louisiana, where the soft winds from the Mexican Gulf lulled to rest his infant hours and tempered his maturer years in harmony with the sweet environments that linger there. Since his death, and as I express these thoughts, the picture comes to me of the fertile soil, the resplendent flowers, and the sweeping gray moss like a bridal veil that greets the eye on every side in that fair land of dark-eyed maidens and splendid cavaliers.

He was loyal to his friends, fair to his opponents, and

self-sacrificing for his people and the State that gave him birth.

He was honored among men; beginning the sterner duties of life at 23 years of age. He held the important position of district attorney of his State, a position which has in its peculiar keeping the highest interests of society. It is the one office that is the foundation stone of social order in every State. He discharged the duties of this position for four years with such eminent satisfaction that his people called him to the bench as their judge, to preside over one of the largest and most important districts in his State. With signal ability and distinguished honor he discharged every duty incumbent there, and when he determined to return to the private walks of life the people he had known from earliest boyhood placed him again in public life, sending him to the State senate, and later still sending him to the Fifty-fifth Congress as their Representative; and again, as the reward of merit and a token of their regard and esteem, he was elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress by those who knew him best and loved him most.

It is a significant fact that in all his public career he never met with a single defeat. The people, upon whose broad shoulders many burdens are borne, were always with him and appreciated his genius, his integrity, and his splendid manhood. Death claimed him ere he had reached upon life's highway the point where morning touches noon and while the shadows still were falling to the west.

I can hardly realize that he is gone. I bade him farewell the evening before leaving for my home, and he chatted long with me as to the coming session and the great issues that would come before Congress for action,

the settlement of which would fix the destiny of millions of human beings and give new strength to the Constitution or implant the seeds of national decay and death.

Modest, dignified, genial, true, and courageous, his record and life were as spotless as the soul that he gave back to his God on the 22d of April one year ago.

It is well that we pause on occasions like this and review our life's work, meditate upon the accomplishments and weigh them, determining whether life has been a genuine success or a failure; whether the world has been better for our having lived in it; whether the footprints left behind us are always found along the paths of honor, leading upward to the highest life, or whether, to catch for a brief moment the applause of an unthinking and fickle public, our paths have not often led along doubtful and dangerous lines.

Let us pause and reflect, and in the shadow of this great sorrow renew within our secret hearts the pledge to so live and discharge our duty to our fellow-man that when the final hour comes we may rest assured that there is a light in the mansion not builded with hands, eternal in the heavens, that shall illumine our lives in the realm of unchanging eternity.

The life of the distinguished dead was an honor to his ancestry; it justified and fulfilled the hopes of his friends and adorned the State he lived in; it was at once brilliant, brave, and true; a poem in life, in death a sacred memory to those whom he leaves to mourn his departure.

His death reminds us that—

> The rainbow brightens but to melt away,
> And the sweet sounds that wander in the air
> But swell the dirge of sorrow and decay.

ADDRESS OF MR. McENERY, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is always with regret that we learn of the death of the aged and infirm. We recognize the fact that the family is in sorrow, hearts stricken with grief, children orphaned, and the home circle severed and broken. But there are occasions when the life of our fellow-man becomes extinct that the sad affliction to home and family becomes more keen by exceptional circumstances which attended the deceased in his last moments.

It is sad and mournful enough to be taken away in the prime of young manhood, when the intellect is just reaching full maturity, when the soul is expanding in love for humanity and life becomes joyous in the ripening of the faculties to enjoy the full measure of love, of ambition, and of usefulness.

There was in the illness of SAMUEL T. BAIRD that which strongly appeals to our sympathy and quickens the heart beat in response to the orphan's cry and the widow's tears.

In the prime of manhood, in the full possession of a powerful and vigorous body, of a strong mind, well furnished and equipped for conflict with the world in attaining that worthy ambition which was the inspiration of his life—greatness in his profession and the first in distinction among his fellow-citizens—he was stricken suddenly with a fatal and painful disease. That magnificent specimen of manhood which was the envy of the athlete; that face which bore upon it the impress of beauty; that smile which broke into kindness, love, and gentleness; that eye

which beamed with intelligence and invited to close communion and friendship; that form which moved with grace and elegance and dignity—all were distorted by pain and agony, unremitting and unceasing, for weeks, until death, kind in its visitation, ended his agony and closed his brilliant career forever. But his masterful intellect amid the wreck and ruin of his frame remained unimpaired. His consciousness, his strong reasoning power, remained until the last scene of his struggle.

No complaint of suffering escaped him; his kind and gentle disposition, the impulses of a noble nature and a generous heart rose above his condition. Death he knew was near, yet he gave no evidence of alarm at facing the unknown world. On its threshold, with the clouds fast gathering about him, he was cheerful, he was kind, he was gentle, he was the impersonation of all that is good, loving, and great. Messages in a sweet, melodious voice were addressed to his friends; consolation, love, and advice to his devoted wife and children—all the world, wife, children, father, relatives, friends, strangers, were within the reach of his last farewell. Had he had an enemy he would have been embraced with forgiveness; but he had no enemy. No man's heart, however blackened with envy, could find fault with him. He was beyond reproach in character and beyond criticism as an official. In all the relations of life—domestic, social, judicial, and political—his conduct was such as to be beyond the suspicion of the most exacting.

There are many obstacles which may stand between a man and his ambition. When the young are taken away we can only conjecture as to the possibilities of their

future. But SAMUEL T. BAIRD, so far as he progressed, had attained by honorable methods in the assertion of a vigorous manhood all that he had wished. It is but a logical conclusion to say in the fuller growth of his manhood he would have attained greater distinction in his State and a higher station in the nation.

"SAMUEL T. BAIRD, of Bastrop, was born May 5, 1861, at Oak Ridge, La.; was educated at home and at Vincennes, Ind.; began the study of law in 1879 and admitted to the bar in 1882; was elected district attorney of the sixth judicial district in 1884; served four years in that position, and was elected district judge of the same district in 1888; after serving four years upon the bench, resumed practice of law; was elected to the State senate in April, 1896, and served as chairman of the committee on railroads and as a member of judiciary, lands and levees, and election committees; was chairman of joint Democratic caucus during session of general assembly; was temporary chairman of Democratic State convention in June, 1896; was a delegate to the national Democratic convention in Chicago, 1896, and was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 11,494 votes, against 4,870 votes for A. Benoit, Populist."

It will be observed from the above sketch that all the public positions which he held were at an early age, at a time when men are usually preparing for the discharge of the duties imposed by them. He ranked well as a lawyer soon after his admission to the bar. As district attorney he was able and conscientious and discharged the duties of the office to the satisfaction of bar, bench, and the people. He carried to the duties of the bench the qualities which

make a good judge—high character, integrity, industry, and a knowledge of the law. He was the youngest in the State of Louisiana, and ranked among the best of district judges. His investigation of cases was exhaustive and he had the tact of marshaling the facts in a clear and concise statement and the ability of applying the law with almost unerring judgment.

As a member of the State senate, he was an honored and valued member and brought to the discharge of his duties a thorough knowledge of the wants and conditions of the State. He was an able assistant in framing good laws and an earnest opponent of doubtful legislation. He served one term in Congress. His course in the House of Representatives was acceptable to his people, who approved it and reelected him to a second term, a member of the Fifty-sixth Congress. His colleagues in the House of Representatives have given testimony of his character and ability. I think I can safely assert that every member of Congress who came in contact with him recognized his ability, his graceful deportment, and the elegance of his manners.

He was well known and highly respected in Louisiana. There were expressions of sorrow everywhere when his untimely death was announced, and it was a universal conviction among the people that the State of Louisiana had lost one of her worthiest sons.

He had identified himself with every movement to advance the material, social, and political interests of the State. He was a moving spirit and directing force in one of the important crises in the history of the State. He held strong convictions, and he had the courage to assert and maintain them. He was true to every cause he

espoused; faithful to friends and generous to opponents. There was for him no temporary expedient, no compromise of what he thought was right, no yielding of principle, but with force and energy was its positive assertion manifested in dignified and honorable action.

I knew SAMUEL T. BAIRD from his earliest youth. I loved his bright, sunny smile, the joyousness of a heart that went out and gathered all that is worthy in life and incorporated it as a part of himself. I noticed with interest, with more than a passing interest, his rapid advancement in his profession, his success in political life, and, more than all, the happiness with which he had surrounded himself in the charms of a cultured and brilliant wife, in the innocence of young and promising children. How pleasant it is for the aged to follow the footsteps of youth, to hear in the advancing steps the cry of triumph as it reaches out to grasp the object of its pursuit. How more intense is this interest when a deep affection guides the eye, and the ear is strained to listen and catch the shouts of victory. But, oh, how sad, when the last shout of victory is heard, that it should mingle with the sad and solemn sounds as the clods of earth are thrown upon him to bury youth, and beauty, and joy, and ambition, and that love and that affection which watched the steps until they ceased at the grave. And it was thus with SAMUEL T. BAIRD.

The cry of victory was still ringing in the ears of his devoted constituents and admirers when they, a multitude, were called to the last resting place for him to hear the dull sound as it rose from the grave and proclaimed how empty are all the honors of earth. With that multitude I stood;

with that multitude I mourned the loss of so much worth and goodness; but with the abiding faith that he who had been our companion and friend, whose genial nature had gladdened our hours, had gone to the home of the good and the brave as an hostage to draw us nearer to the seat of mercy.

He hath an hostage taken
To lure us to His feet;
We are not all forsaken
Since there we soon shall meet
Him in his youth and beauty,
O, noble, white young soul,
That trod the path of duty
And righteous self-control.

Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions which have been submitted by the Senator from Louisiana [Mr. McEnery].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, May 11, 1900, at 12 o'clock m.

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